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NOTICE TO CITY TAXPAYERS.

All persons owing taxes to the "City of Clarksburg" for the year 1913, are requested to call at office of Collector and Treasurer, Colonial Building, Main street, and settle same, as they are long past due. You will avoid unnecessary costs by giving us your immediate attention.
Phones: Bell 440. Home 662-Y.
JOHN H. KNOX,
City Treasurer.

Apple wood is the favorite material for ordinary saw handles, and some goes into so-called brier pipes.

City Water Today

Following is today's test for fever and other germs as made by Perkins Boynton, chemist at the water works. Also precipitation for the twenty-four hours ending at 10 o'clock today:

ANALYSIS.		Bacillus coli present in	
No. of bacteria in	1.0 c. c.	0.1 c. c.	1.0 c. c.
River water.....	100	0	x
City water.....	0	0	0

EXPLANATION.
C. C.—Cubic centimeter (about) a thimbleful.
Bacillus coli—intestinal germ.
Precipitation 36.

Seven Keys TO Baldpate

By
EARL DERR BIGGERS

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(Continued.)

He bent his dim old eyes on his food, and Mr. Magee gazed at him with a new wonder. Odd sentiments these from an old man who robbed fireplaces, held up hermits and engaged in midnight conferences by the annex door. More than ever Magee was baffled, enthralled, amused. Now Mr. Magee leered about the table and contributed his unsavory bit.

"Funny, ain't it," he remarked, "the different things the same word means to a bunch of folks. Say, romance to me and I don't see no dim laboratory. I don't see nothing dim. I see the brightest lights in the world and the best food and somebody, maybe, dancing the latest freak dance in between the tables. And an orchestra playing in the distance—classy dames all about—a taxi-cab at the door. And me sending word to the chauffeur, 'Let her click till the milk cart rumbles. I can pay.' Say, that sure is romance to me."

"Sir, Hayden," remarked Magee, "are we to hear from you?" Hayden hesitated and looked for a moment into the black eyes of Myra Thornhill.

"My idea has often been contradicted," he said, keeping his gaze on the girl; "it may be again. But to me the greatest romance in the world is the romance of money making—dollar piling on dollar in the vaults of the man who started with a shoestring and hope and nerve, and then—then—see his pile growing, slowly at first—faster—faster—until a motor-car brings him to his office, and men speak his name with awe in the streets."

"Money," commented Miss Thornhill contemptuously. "What an idea of romance for a man!" "I did not expect," replied Hayden, "that my definition would pass unchallenged. My past experiences—"

He looked meaningfully at the girl—"had led me to be prepared for that. But it is my definition—I spoke the truth. You must give me credit for that."

"I will," said Hayden, "but only on condition that you give me credit for that."

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Caravan. "For what?" he asked when you do succeed at it. Yes, I certainly do."

"See here, Cargan," blazed Hayden. "Yes, you did speak the truth," put in Miss Thornhill hastily. "You mentioned one word in your definition. It was a desecration to drag it in—hope. For me romance means only—hope. And I'm afraid there are a pitiful number in the world to whom it means the same."

"We all heard from the young woman who started all this fuss, over a little word," Mr. Cargan reminded them.

"That's right, dear," said Mrs. Norton. "You got to contribute."

"Yes," agreed the girl with the cheeks crimsoned like golden wire. "I will, but it's hard. One's ideas change so rapidly. A moment ago if you had said romance to me I might have babbled of shady corners, of whisperings on the stair, of walks down the mountain in the moonlight or even on the hotel balcony."

"Perhaps tomorrow, too, the word might mean such rapturous things to me. But tonight—life is too real and earnest tonight. Service—Professor Bolton was right—service is often romance. It may mean so cruel a thing as the blighting of another's life, romance." She gazed steadily at the stolid Cargan. "It may mean putting an end forever to those picturesque parades past the window of the little room on Main street—the room where the boys can always find the mayor of Reuton."

Still she gazed steadily into Cargan's eyes. And with an amused smile the mayor gazed back.

"You wouldn't be so cruel as that," he assured her easily; "a nice, attractive girl like you."

The dinner was at an end. Without a word the sly little professor rose from the table and hurriedly ascended the stairs. Mr. Magee watched him disappear and resolved to follow quickly on his heels. But first he paused to give his own version of the word under discussion.

"Strange," he remarked, "that none of you gets the picture I do. Romance—it is here—at your feet in Baldpate Inn. A man climbs the mountain to be alone with his thoughts, to forget the melody of life, to get away from the swift action of the world and meditate. He is alone for very near an hour. Then a telephone bell tinkles and a youth rises out of the dark to prate of a lost Arabella and haberdashery. A shot rings out, as the immortal custom with shots, and in comes a professor of comparative literature, with a perforation in his derby hat. A professional hermit arrives to teach the amateur the fine points of the game. A charming maid comes in too late for breakfast—but in plenty of time for walks on the balcony in the moonlight. The mayor of a municipality condescends to stay for dinner. A battle in the snow ensues. There is a weird talk of a sum of money. More guests arrive. Park hints of a seventh day. Mr. Magee, you needn't get from Baldpate Inn in search of your romance."

He crossed the floor hastily and put one foot on the lower step of Baldpate's grand staircase. He kept it there. Far from the shadows of the landing Professor Bolton emerged, his blasted derby once more on his head his overcoat buttoned tight, his varnished shoes in place, his traveling bag and green umbrella in tow.

"What, professor?" cried Magee "you're leaving?"

Now, truly, the end of the drama had come. Mr. Magee felt his heart beat wildly.

"Yes," the old man was saying slowly. "I am about to leave. The decision came suddenly. I am sorry to go. Certainly I have enjoyed these chance meetings."

"See here, Doc," said Mr. Bland, uneasily feeling of his purple tie. "You're not going back and let them reporters have another fling at you?"

"I fear I must," replied the old man. "My duty calls. Yes, they will hound me. I shall hear much of peroxide blondes. I shall be asked again to name the ten greatest in history—a difficult task. I shall be asked, as the vulgar expression goes, 'I bid you goodbye. My friend, we part friends. I am sure.'"

He turned to Magee.

"I regret more than I can say," he continued, "parting from you. My eyes fell upon you first on entering this place. We have had exciting times together. My dear Miss Norton, knowing you has refreshed an old man's heart. I might compare you to another with yellow locks, but I leave that to my corner—my colleagues. Mr. Cargan—goodbye. My acquaintance with you I shall always look back on."

But the mayor of Reuton, Max and Bland closed in on the old man.

"Now, look here, Doc," interrupted Cargan. "You're bluffing. Do you get me? You're trying to put something over. I don't want to be rough. I like you. But I got to get a glimpse at the inside of that satchel. And I got to examine your personal makeup a bit."

"Dear, dear!" smiled Professor Bolton. "You don't think I would steal? A man in my position? Absurd! Look through my poor luggage if you desire. You will find nothing but the usual appurtenances of travel."

He stood docilely in the middle of the floor and blinked at the group around him.

Mr. Magee waited to hear no more. Quietly and quickly he disappeared up the broad stair and tried the professor's door. It was locked. Inside he could hear a window banging back and forth in the storm. He ran through No. 7 and out upon the snow covered balcony.

There he bumped full into a shadowy figure hurrying in the opposite direction.

CHAPTER XIX.

A Man From the Dark.

FOR fully five seconds Mr. Magee and the man with whom he had collided stood facing each other on the balcony.

The identical moon of the summer romances now hung in the sky, and in its white glare Baldpate mountain

IMPORTANT TO ALL WOMEN READERS OF THIS PAPER.

Thousands upon thousands of women have kidney or bladder trouble and never suspect it. It may be nothing else but kidney trouble, or the result of kidney or bladder disease.

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Glittered like a Christmas card.

"A lucky chance," said Mr. Magee. "You're a man I've been longing to meet, especially since the professor left his window open this afternoon."

"Indeed," replied the other calmly. "Max I ask what you want of me?"

"Certainly," Mr. Magee laughed. "A little package. I think it's in your pocket at this minute. A package no bigger than a man's hand."

The stranger made no reply, but looked quickly about over his shoulder at the path along which he had come and then past Mr. Magee at the road that led to freedom.

"I think it's in your pocket," repeated Mr. Magee, "and I'm going to find out."

"I haven't time to argue with you," said the holder of the seventh key. His voice was cold, calculating, harsh.

"Get out of my way and let me pass or—"

"Or what?" asked Billy Magee.

He watched the man lunge toward him in the moonlight. He saw the fist that had the night before been the Waterloo of Mr. Max and the mayor start on a swift, true course for his head. Quickly he dodged to one side and closed with his opponent.

Back and forth through the snow they ploughed, panting, grappling, straining. Mr. Magee soon realized that his adversary was no weakling. He was forced to call into play muscles he had not used in what seemed ages—not since he sported of an afternoon in a rather odorous college gymnasium.

In moonlight and shadow, undisturbed by the sole jarring notes in that picture of Baldpate on a quiet winter's night.

"You cheated the game last time," muttered the stranger. "But you'll never cheat it again."

Mr. Magee splayed his breath. Together they crashed against the side of the inn. Together they squirmed away across the balcony to the railing. Still back and forth, now in the moonlight now in shadow, wildly they fought. Once Mr. Magee felt his feet slip from beneath him, but caught himself in time. His strength was

up and down they reeled, staggered and stumbled.

going—surely—quickly. Then suddenly his opponent seemed to weaken in his grip. With a supreme effort Magee forced him down upon the balcony floor and stumbled on top of him. He felt the chill of the snow under his knees and its wetness in his cuffs.

"Now," he cried to himself.

No other still struggled desperately. But his struggle was without success. For he, Billy Magee, drew from his pocket the precious package about which there had been so much debate in Baldpate mountain.

In another second he was inside No. 7 and had lighted a candle at the dining table.

Once more he examined that closely packed little bundle; once more he found it rich in treasures. Assuredly it was the greatly desired thing he had fought for the night before. He had it. And this time, he told himself, he would not lose sight of it until he had placed it in the hands of the girl of the station.

The dark shadow of the man he had just robbed was hovering at his windows. Magee turned hastily to the door. As he did so it opened and Hayden entered. He carried a pistol in his hand; his face was hard, determined; his usually expressionless eyes lighted with pleasure as they fell on the package in Mr. Magee's pos-

session.

"It seems I'm just in time," he said. "To prevent highway robbery?"

"You think so?" asked Magee.

"See here, young man," remarked Hayden, glancing nervously over his shoulder. "I can't waste any time in talk. Does that money belong to you?"

No. Well, it does belong to me. I'm going to have it. Don't think I'm afraid to shoot to get it. The law permits a man to fire on the thief who tries to take him."

"The law, did you say?" laughed Billy Magee. "I wouldn't drag the law into this if I were you. Mr. Hayden, I'm sure it has no connection with events on Baldpate mountain. You would be the last to want its attention to be directed here. I've got this money and I'm going to keep it."

Hayden considered a brief moment and then swore under his breath.

"You're right," he said. "I'm not going to shoot. But there are other ways, you whippersnapper!"

He dropped the revolver into his pocket and sprang forward. For the second time within ten minutes Mr. Magee stared himself for conflict.

But Hayden stopped. Some one had entered the room through the window behind Magee. In the dim light of the candle Magee saw Hayden's face go white, his lips twitch, his eyes glare with horrible surprise. His arms fell limply to his sides.

"Good God, Kendrick!" he cried.

The voice of the man with whom Billy Magee had but a moment before struggled on the balcony answered:

"Yes, Hayden, I'm back."

Hayden wet his lips with his tongue.

"What brought you?" Suddenly, as from a volcano that had long been cold, fire blazed up in Kendrick's eyes.

"If a man knew the road from hell back home what would it need to bring him back?"

Hayden stood with his mouth partly open. Almost a grotesque picture of terror he looked in that dim light. Then he spoke in an odd, strained tone, more to himself than to any one else:

"I thought you were dead," he said. "I told myself you'd never come back. Over and over—in the night—I told myself that. But all the time I knew—I knew you'd come."

A cry—a woman's cry—sounded from just outside the door of No. 7. Into the room came Myra Thornhill. Quickly she crossed and took Kendrick's hands in hers.

"David!" she sobbed. "Oh, David, is it a dream—a wonderful dream?" Kendrick looked into her eyes, sheepishly at first, then gladly as he saw what was in them. For the light there under the tears was such as no man could mistake. Magee saw it. Hayden saw it, too, and his voice was even more lifeless when he spoke.

"Forgive me, David," he said. "I didn't mean."

And then as he saw that Kendrick did not listen he turned and walked quietly into the bedroom of No. 7, taking no notice of Cargan and Bland, who, with the other winter guests of Baldpate, now crowded the doorway leading to the hall. Hayden closed the bedroom door. Mr. Magee and the others stood silent, wondering. Their answer came quickly—the sharp cry of a revolver behind that closed door.

It was Mr. Magee who went into the bedroom. The moonlight streamed in through the low windows and fell brightly on the bed. Across this Hayden lay. Mr. Magee made sure. It was not a pleasant thing to make sure of. Then he took the revolver from the hand that still clasped it, covered the quiet figure on the bed and stepped back into the outer room.

"He—he has killed himself," he said in a low voice, closing the bedroom door behind him.

There was a moment's frightened hush; then the voice of Kendrick rang

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out:

"Killed himself? I don't understand why should he do that? Surely not because—no?" He looked questioningly into the white face of the girl at his side; she only shook her head.

"Killed himself," he repeated, like a man wakened from sleep. "I don't understand."

On the amateur hermits of Baldpate depended to the big office Mr. Magee saw the eyes of the girl of the station upon him, wide with doubt and alarm. While the others gathered in little groups and talked he took her to one side.

"When does the next train leave for Reuton?" he asked her.

"In two hours—at 10:30," she replied. "You must be on it," he told her. "With you will go the \$200.00 package. I have it in my pocket now."

She took the news steadily and made no reply.

"Are you afraid?" asked Magee gently. "You mustn't be. No harm can touch you. I shall stay here and see that no one follows."

"I'm not afraid," she replied. "Just startled, that's all. Did he—did he do it because you took this money—because he was afraid of what would happen?"

(To be continued.)

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